hold me, kiss me, rip out my tongue

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by multifandom_fanfic_writer

Summary

Will notices things. He notices a lot of things, *can't turn it off*. Some of these things are about Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

He watches Hannibal watching him eat.
He watches the touch on his elbow lingering, possessive.
He watches Hannibal's eyes darken when Will pulls his hair and fucks his throat *hard*.

Notes

The title is inspirerd by this dutch song: bijt mijn tong af. It's awesome.
Also, Will has no encephalitis because I said so.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Break Open Your Chest (Just To Count Your Heartbeats) by HannibalsTie

epiphany

Chapter Summary

Will notices things. He notices how Hannibal looks at him. How Hannibal watches him eat. How Hannibal's eyes darken when Will pulls his hair and fucks his throat.

(Not everyone is as happy with their developing realtionship as they are.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

when is a monster not a monster?
oh, when you love it.

oh, when you make it yours.

One thing to understand about Will Graham: he has killers in his head, yes, but he has invited them in.

Will notices things.

He notices a lot of things, *can't turn it off*. Some of these things are about Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Will notices how the doctor touches him. Nothing invasive, nothing overt. Subtle touches – his elbow, his shoulder. Lately, his lower back.

Hannibal does not touch anyone else. He never seems to be in another's personal space at all. The only exception to this is Alana, and even then it is rare.

And Will, of course. Always Will.

Will notices how Hannibal smells him. The first time, he remarks on it, genuinely surprised. The second time, Will only raises his eyebrows. The third, the fourth, he does not even twitch.

He watches Hannibal watching him eat.

Breakfast at his motel, the doctor just another person to try to get into his head. As Will raises his fork full of protein scramble to his mouth, Hannibal's eyes linger.

This behaviour is not reserved solely for Will. A dinner with Jack, who Hannibal watches just as intently as he takes the first bite. Beverly and Price and Zeller, when a late lab night is brightened by Hannibal bringing them all dinner.

Watching them eat it.

But, as time goes on and Will finds himself sharing food with Hannibal more often (who touches him and smells him and whose eyes linger at his mouth) Will notices Hannibal always watches him first.

It could be a power thing. Hannibal likes to be the so-called alpha in the room. He effortlessly dominates any crowd, drawing gazes and playing with conversations like they are strings on his harpsichord. Where someone like Jack tries to prove his power by raising his voice and someone like Chilton stumbles through it with lies and embellishment, for Hannibal, it comes naturally. The way he holds himself. The intensity in the dark gaze, making you feel like you're the only person in the room that matters.

Will has seen many a man or woman fall to that gaze. The careful words. The polished suits.

Sometimes, as he watches Hannibal charm an agent on the scene or an FBI-intern at the BAU, Will is convinced the man is simply running on auto-pilot.

Will won't lie. It's attractive. But – it also makes him wary.

(*A predator.)*

(*A killer. Hannibal has killed before*. Will does not know how, when, or why, but this his instincts scream at him. He has not come this far by ignoring his instincts.)

Hannibal's fixation on food could have something to do with the urge to place himself on top of the food chain. Providing, showing off his capacity as a provider.

But no. There is something a little too dark in the doctor's eyes for that.

It could be something sexual – Will doesn't judge. But he discards the thought as soon as it occurs. As their sessions together increase in number and the minuscule movements of Hannibal's face become the language in which Will reads him, he fails to see anything in the doctor's eyes that indicates sexual excitement.

(With anyone other than Will, that is. In this, as well, he seems to be the exception.)

Time goes on. Will finds himself at Hannibal's dinner table more often. The doctor grows bolder. The touch on his elbow lingers as he is guided to his seat.

Walking from their shared car towards the lab, Hannibal is so far into his personal space he barely needs to lean forward to smell Will.

He invites Will to dinner. Twice a week, *providing routine. We might even have a pleasant evening*, and twice a week Hannibal watches Will eat.

Will watches Hannibal watching him. Maroon-flecked eyes flicker to his lips. Will starts to eat slower, more conscious of his movements. He savours every first bite, the dish of the day dissolving on his tongue. He closes his eyes. Sometimes, he lets the juices flow past his lips and drip down his chin.

Today, he moans softly at a particularly good piece of rib.

Today is also the day Hannibal wears a dark blue plaid suit jacket with a *plain* black tie and pocket square. It makes him seem more real, somehow, his usual façade thin.

The piece of meat disappears down Will's throat. When he opens his eyes, Hannibal's hand is clenched white around his fork. His dark gaze is so intense Will feels he might drown in it.

It's not quite sexual. Or, better said, it is not *just* sexual. It's more than that. It's *intimate*.

When Will catches Hannibal's gaze, he puts his fork down, runs his thumb along the corner of his lip, and puts his thumb back into his mouth. *God, even doing this feels sinful.* He sucks slowly, keeping Hannibal's gaze.

Hannibal swallows thickly. The sound is obscene in the stillness of the room.

"You've really outdone yourself today, Doctor Lecter," Will says, breaking their usual routine of eating in silence.

Hannibal blinks. His nostrils flare. He shows no other reaction.

"Thank you, dear Will," Hannibal responds evenly, inclining his head. "It is always a pleasure to present my friends with the fruits of my labour."

The corner of Will's mouth turns up. They finish their dinner in silence. From the wall, *Leda and the Swan* regards them both. Hannibal's eyes never leave Will's face. Will savours his meal and pretends not to notice.

As Will finally puts down his fork, he hears Hannibal take a breath. Stand up.

"It is time for dessert," he says, and Will thinks of a hand on his elbow.

"Let me help," he replies politely, standing up and holding his own plate in two hands. His hands are steady.

"That is not necessary," Hannibal protests. "You are my guest."

Will smiles. "I've eaten at your table often enough that I'm starting to feel guilty about letting you do all the work. I'll help with this, and even with the dishes afterwards, if you are feeling particularly scandalous," he teases.

Hannibal watches him, the ghost of a smile playing on his lips. The light of the setting sun casts a shadow over his face. Will looks up at him through his lashes.

"Please. I wouldn't want to be rude."

Hannibal relinquishes with grace. The table is cleared swiftly, and soon Will is standing in the kitchen, watching Hannibal prepare their dessert.

“Blackberry currant with fresh mint leaves, mascarpone,” Hannibal takes a piping bag full of whipped cream out of the refrigerator and shoots Will his signature disarming smile, “and a little bit of sweetness to top it off.”

Will steps closer, watching Hannibal decorate the pastry with fascination. Here, in the kitchen, it seems like they are in another world. Hannibal feels more tangible. Paradoxically, the countertops are so clean they look rarely used.

“It looks good,” Will says as Hannibal straightens. There is a little bit of cream left at the tip of the piping bag. Will eyes it contemplatively. He thinks of Hannibal leaning in, breathing deeply.

“Here,” Will says, moving forward into Hannibal’s space, “let me.” He wipes the cream from the tip with his finger and brings it to his own mouth, tongue already caressing his bottom lip, then halts.

Hannibal is holding himself still like a predator waiting to pounce, watching him with fathomless eyes.

Will brings his finger to Hannibal’s lips instead.

For a moment, Hannibal doesn’t move. Does not react at all. Will feels a smidge of panic rise up in his gut. Was this a mistake? Hannibal might throw him out of his kitchen, out of his *life*, could do it without even raising his voice. And then Will would lose him.

Empty house, empty evenings, the looming visage of the BAU-

Hannibal parts his lips and allows Will to press his cream-coated finger on his tongue.

The feeling of Hannibal’s hot breath against his fingertip makes Will shiver. His lips ghost around Will’s flesh. Hannibal’s eyes are like smouldering coal as his mouth closes around Will’s digit, sucking once.

The vision is enticing. Will lets out a shaky breath and bites his lip.

“Will,” Hannibal breathes.

The next thing he knows Hannibal is on him.

The soft sound of the piping bag hitting the counter barely registers as the cold handle of the refrigerator suddenly digs into his back. The coldness behind him is in sharp contrast with the warmth of Hannibal’s body pressed up against his front.

Hannibal’s lips are urgent, devouring, taking Will’s mouth for his own and conquering it. The profiler is powerless to resist.

There is no air between them that isn't shared. No room for anything but the scent, the touch, the taste of the other. Will doesn't so much open his mouth as let his lips be parted, and groans softly at the feeling of Hannibal's tongue inside of him, the smell of expensive cologne and the sweetness of dessert and underneath that something heavier that is uniquely Hannibal invading his nose-

As quick as the kiss begins, it ends.

Will has to remember his eyes are closed before he can open them. Hannibal has retreated to the kitchenette opposite him, still facing Will. His hands are on the counter behind him as if it is the sole thing holding him upright. His body is curved, visibly tense, and his chest is heaving.

Will almost doesn't catch the word as it leaves Hannibal's lips on a deep exhale.

"Fuck."

The profiler can't help the sly smile that appears on his face as Hannibal gathers himself remarkably quickly.

Remarkably.

"My apologies," Hannibal says stiffly, "that was entirely inappropriate, not to mention quite rude. I hope you will forgive me my misstep."

Will cocks his head. "I can't believe I made the prim and proper Dr. Lecter swear," he says giddily, voice bordering on the edge of sing-song.

"You have the gift of bringing out my less sophisticated side," Hannibal admits and meets Will's gaze once more, expression neutral. "I could never entirely predict you."

"I can't wait to tell everyone that you are a real human being underneath," Will teases playfully as he takes a step closer. He runs his tongue across his bottom lip. Does not think about how his first impulse, when Hannibal invaded his mouth, was to bite.

Dark eyes flash. "They won't believe you," Hannibal says in such a way that would, in most cases, make it clear he is teasing.

"I think, Dr. Lecter," Will says as he takes another step closer, "that there are a lot of things about you that *they* will not believe." If he raises his hands, he could touch Hannibal's shoulder. He wonders how it would feel against his hand, hard muscle and warm flesh. Human. Killer.

Hannibal looks at him.

Will presses his lips to Hannibal's without hesitation.

This kiss is slower, sweeter. They move sensually, unhurried, savouring each other. Hannibal's lips are soft and well taken care of. He tastes like the meat they've just eaten. Will runs his tongue across Hannibal's upper lip and Hannibal nips him in response. One hand

creeps upwards, and Will opens his mouth as he grasps Hannibal's hair and pulls his body closer.

The doctor's hair is soft. He wonders what kind of product Hannibal uses.

Hannibal plunges into Will's mouth with helpless abandon, deepening the kiss and letting his hands roam across Will's body; his arms, his back, teasing at his hips. Nothing inappropriate, not quite. It makes Will shiver with need.

A sound escapes Hannibal that's not quite a moan, not quite a whimper. It's the sound a man makes when he finally gets what he has desired for so long.

Will can feel himself stiffen, can feel the way Hannibal's hands press into his back, holding him close as if he wants to merge their bodies. Their kiss turns filthier, little gasps and sounds escaping the both of them. Now Will is the one moaning in pleasure.

Hannibal takes that as encouragement and grabs Will's hair, tilting his head and pressing a kiss against his ear, then his jaw, then his neck. Will's hands are clawing at whatever part of Hannibal's body is nearest. He feels as if he could burst into flame.

In the end, it is Hannibal who grinds their hips together, letting out a low groan as their clothed erections push against each other. Grasping for breath, Will pulls back, meeting Hannibal's eyes.

His eyes are wide and hazy. Will is so focused on him he feels like he is falling forward into the deep vestiges of Hannibal's mind, a mind-palace full of art and long royally decked out hallways and dark corners and a looming castle-

Hannibal blinks. The moment is broken.

Hannibal's guard is up once more, though nothing in the older man's body language gives any indication.

When Will noses forward and presses a kiss against the sharp line of Hannibal's jaw, his eyes fall onto the kitchen knives on the counter. They are easily within reach.

"Hannibal," he breathes against heated flesh and feels Hannibal shiver. The older man moves his hands to Will's hips, hovering over them uncertainly before touching him gently.

"Will," he responds roughly. Outside, it starts raining.

Will straightens.

"Would you like to go upstairs?" Hannibal asks after a pause that is just too long to be natural. Will studies him. His face, the curve of his lips, his eyes.

The corners are slightly crinkled. The knives are still within reach.

Will shifts his hips backwards. "Maybe we should save that for another day," he mutters softly, caressing Hannibal's cheek.

The silence lingers a second to long. “Should we?” Hannibal asks evenly. “You do not have to hold back on my account.”

“Don’t I?”

Hannibal does not answer, gaze indescribable.

Will moves closer to give one quick peck on still-glistering lips, then opens his mouth to break the tension that has started make the hairs on his arms rise. “We’re not in a hurry.”

Will is the one who pulls back from their embrace. Hannibal lets him. He watches Will still, expression unreadable.

“I had a lovely evening,” Will says, unable to stop the colour rising to his cheeks. “I’ll see you this Friday?”

“You keep surprising me,” Hannibal says. Then: “Of course.” The man does not move.

Will smiles. Dips his head. Turns around, and leaves.

He feels Hannibal’s eyes on his back the whole time.

Thursday passes by without incident. Will teaches his classes, walks his dogs and does not think of Hannibal every single second of the day.

He dreams of the ravenstag. It charges him, skewers him with its horns. When Will lays on the ground, dying, it cries in anguish, feathers rustling. Will touches its fur in forgiveness and dies. When he wakes, he is standing in his kitchen, staring at the knives.

He spends the rest of the night dozing between the dogs.

Friday is his day off. He goes fishing. Spends an hour debating to bring Hannibal his catch, then discards the thought. Would Hannibal see it as encroaching on his territory?

He wonders if Hannibal dreamt last night. If he sees the ravenstag as well.

Fidgeting with his fishing lures, Will lets the afternoon pass by. He is still wearing old, dirty clothes. His hair is filthy from the afternoon on the river. In two hours, he will drive to Baltimore.

There is no racoon. Will does not call Alana. She still comes over.

They talk. She smiles. Alana kisses him, and for one moment, Will kisses back. He wants this, he thinks, or she wants it so he wants it. Maybe. His mind is filled with images, stumbling over one another, nights by the fire and walks in the wood and bringing himself lunch at the office.

There is no peace to be found in dreams not his own.

Alana's lips are a little cold, a little pliant. She smells nice. They break apart. She smiles at him with guilt in her eyes and just a little pity.

Hannibal never pities him.

Hannibal never makes him feel like his desires are not his own.

When Alana is gone, Will does what he can to make himself presentable without erasing her smell off him. He steps in the car and drives to Baltimore, one and a half hour early.

Hannibal opens the door with a smile.

"Will," he says, "I was not expecting you just yet."

"Sorry," Will apologises, but Hannibal interrupts him. "My door is always open for you. Please, come in. I was preparing dinner."

Hannibal takes a single step back from the doorway. Will brushes past him as he enters, and feels more than hears Hannibal take a deep breath.

Inwardly, Will smiles.

There are vegetables simmering on the stove. The smell of garlic fills the air, pungent and sharp, and Will enjoys the way it makes his eyes water.

Hannibal returns to his countertop. He is wearing another odd suit, maroon with a blue pattern, which shouldn't work the way it does. His pocket square and tie are, once again, plain black. Deliberate?

Maybe. Maybe Hannibal knows what it does to him, how it makes Will want to take the pocket square (the armour) and rub it his face all over it like an animal. Cut his hand and bleed on it. Smear his essence all over it, invisible but permanent.

"Was there something that brought you to my house this early, or were you simply impatient to see me?" Hannibal is preparing the meat, handling the knife with ease. The meat does not stand a chance.

Will moves closer until he is standing just out of touching distance. Hannibal does not look up. Will thinks of maroon eyes watching him eat and the stag in his dreams.

He does not answer. Instead, he swiftly picks up one of the smaller cuts of meat, cold and slippery in his hands.

Hannibal stills. Looks up.

Will keeps their gazes locked as he puts the piece of raw meat in his mouth. He chews once, twice, then swallows.

Hannibal has frozen completely. His pupils dilate.

“Alana Bloom kissed me today,” Will says and Hannibal pounces.

Will is forcefully pushed against the counter. Hannibal’s hands are all over him, one hand in his hair and another on his ass, pressing his willing body closer into Hannibal’s three piece suit.

Hannibal breathes his name shakily before pushing their mouths together, forcing Will’s lips open and licking into his mouth greedily. Will feels his whole body tingle. Hannibal’s touches are burning on his skin, transforming him into something different. Something new.

Once again, Hannibal pulls back, though this time he does not go far. The hands on Will’s body only hold him tighter as Hannibal pushes his forehead against Will’s and locks their eyes.

Will is falling, drowning.

He can fly; he can swim; he chooses not to.

“Do you have any idea what you do to me,” Hannibal whispers, voice overflowing with desire. Hanging on to the last thread of what is left of Hannibal’s iron control.

Hannibal’s knuckles stroke Will’s chin tenderly.

“My dear Will.”

Through Hannibal’s eyes, events bloom to life. The empath can *see* what Hannibal expects to happen.

Will blushes, ducking his head, and looks away. It’s just enough time for the person suit to snap back into place. Hannibal coaxes him upstairs with sweet kisses, gentle touches. Hannibal is handling his most precious possession. They make love in his den, surrounded by sheets colour-coordinated with Will’s eyes. When he enters Will, he feels the urge to bite*, but he restrains himself. There is no place for that, here – yet. Afterwards, Will mumbles something about not overstaying. Hannibal convinces him to stay with a tender kiss.*

Will has never been one to follow the script. The role of lamb is for someone else to play. He is a lion, and he will play like one.

Instead of blushing, Will pulls his lips back, showing his teeth. Hannibal is teetering on the edge in front of his eyes, the single stumble of the mighty wolf.

“I do,” he says, answering Hannibal’s question. “I know. I’m here with you, behind the veil. It’s dark, and my eyes still need to adjust. But I’m not worried. I have time. Eventually, I will see you wholly.”

Hannibal’s breath catches. Pulling back a little, Will enjoys the way Hannibal’s whole body tightens at his words. “I wonder, are you hiding behind your walls, your manners? Or has it become a cage you cannot escape from?” He smiles, but it is not kind. “I see the lock. The key is in my hand.”

Hannibal's mouth drops open and the last thread of control snaps.

The esteemed doctor *growls* as his hands grip Will's hips. It's so tight it's painful as Hannibal turns him around. Will's hips hit the counter with a soft *oomph*, but he does not get the chance to catch his breath. Hannibal's hand is on his back, pushing him down against the cold countertop. It's a pleasant contrast to the heat coursing through his body.

"Will," the doctor snarls as Will hums in pleasure. Hannibal is tearing at his belt, quick fingers making work of his trousers and underwear, pulling them down in one go. The clothes pull at his ankles, and the air of the kitchen is cold against Will's exposed ass. Will shudders in delight at the feeling of Hannibal's beast against his back.

"Will," Hannibal repeats longingly as he caresses the curve of Will's ass for a reverent moment. "*Will*," he says again, as if he cannot help himself.

Then Hannibal releases the pressure on his back and hips, pulling back. Will hears a drawer open, the clinking of a bottle. The sounds of a belt being undone. Hannibal's harsh breathing, loud in the silence.

Will has enough time to protest. To turn around in indignity, in anger. Though half-lidded eyes Will watches the half-cut slab of raw meat just centimetres away from his head. The knife is still laying on the countertop.

The younger man spreads his legs as much as he can, curving his back slightly to push his ass up in the air. Presenting.

Hannibal lays his hand against Will's ass. He waits.

"Yes, *yes*," Will groans, "hurry up, you ba-"

"*Will,"* Hannibal interrupts him brokenly and pushes two fingers inside.

The fingers are coated in something that smells like oil, wet and slippery but still rough against his puckered hole. Will breaths in sharply.

It feels amazing.

Hannibal seeks his prostate with surgical precision and Will moans loudly as the fingers soon rub over *that* spot. His rim begins to relax against the intrusion, already used to it through Will's recent ministrations in the shower.

"Hannibal," Will moans, pressing back into Hannibal's fingers with twitchy motions. The fingers slip in and out smoothly now, painlessly.

The fingers disappear. Will whines slightly at their loss, but it's good, that's a good thing, because that means it'll be replaced by something better soon.

"You are exquisite," Hannibal breathes against his skin, pressing a quick kiss to his neck. He's regained a little of his usual verbosity.

Hannibal's warmth returns against his back. Now, it's three fingers, scissoring him open.

"No," Will breathes, and Hannibal stills, fingers trembling. "I don't want your fingers. I want your cock, and I want to feel it."

The next breath Hannibal takes is greedy. The fingers disappear. Hannibal's hips snap closer as if by instinct, and his cockhead brushes over Will's crack, teasing, the dry skin catching against Will's rim. Will pushes back on instinct, greedy for it.

"Anything," Hannibal says roughly, coats his cock with oil, and pushes in.

Hannibal's thick length stretches Will open fully. The older man sheathes himself deep in one single push, slow and steady but not hesitating in the least. Will curves his back and bares his neck as he groans, knowing Hannibal is savouring the sight. The profiler whines in pleasure, hands gripping the edge of the counter and legs spasming as he tries to spread them even further. The stiff length of his cock pushes against the cold of the kitchen cabinets. It feels so good, so *deep*, the sound of Hannibal's balls slapping against his ass obscene.

Hannibal does not hesitate to fuck him *hard* and *fast*. Right now he could not hold up his usual façade of a gentle lover if his life depended on it.

There is more than one way to make the wolf shed his coat.

Will adjusts his hand on the countertop, the limb edging just a little closer to the half-cut loin and gleaming kitchen knife.

"You see me like no other," Hannibal gasps, setting a punishing rhythm as he pounds into Will. "I have not been tempted like this," adjusting his hips once, twice, Hannibal changes the angle and starts hitting Will's prostate on every stroke, "*ever*." It feels good, so good, pleasure shooting though him like lightning strikes.

"Good," Will pants, and for once finds himself unable to hold back. His voice comes out dark and possessive. "You're *mine*, Hannibal, and I, *ahh*, I won't let anyone else close enough to try."

Hannibal presses closer, one hand on Will's chest to pull him upwards and closer against Hannibal, pressing them together. The skin-on-skin contact is overwhelming.

Will feels like he's floating.

He can't remember when he has last been touched like this by another. If this ever happened at all. By someone who has been worthy enough to slip past his walls, even just a little.

(Will does not know if those thoughts are Hannibal's or his own.)

Will does know it is Hannibal's hand wrapping around his cock, stroking ferociously as Hannibal clenches his muscles and increases the force behind his thrusts, doing his uttermost best to press himself completely inside Will. Claiming the space inside of him as Hannibal's own.

Will's breath hitches and his fingers curl. Heat builds in his stomach, fast, faster, until it is flowing out of him. He comes with a shout and a whimper, splaying his come all over the kitchen countertop. There is even a little on the meat.

"Hannibal, *please*," Will begs.

Hannibal's growl is almost feral and he lets Will's limp body fall back onto the countertop, bracing himself with one hand on either side of Will and fucking into him with all that he is. Using him, chasing his own pleasure, claiming his mate without a thought for Will's comfort or enjoyment; mindless.

It's heaven. Will shudders weakly in overstimulation as Hannibal keeps hitting his prostate on at least half his thrusts, but lays there pliantly, mind still blank with bliss.

Hannibal grabs Will's hips and pushes himself in deep, once, twice, and growls as he fills Will with his seed, rolling his hips as he rides out the aftershocks.

Will hums in satisfaction as he feels Hannibal's breath against his neck, the sleekness of sweat coating Hannibal's nose as he pushes his face into Will's neck. The doctor is not putting his full weight on him – Hannibal would never be so impolite – but leaning on him enough that Will knows Hannibal's legs are shaking.

Will waits to feel Hannibal's teeth on his neck, but they do not come. He's not sure if he's relieved or disappointed. Already the person suit is coming back together.

For a minute, neither of them move. Hannibal is still sheathed in him fully, keeping his come where it is supposed to be.

Will lets out a contented sigh. Hannibal presses a tender kiss to the nape of his neck and breathes in deeply.

"This was not how I anticipated events unfolding."

Will smiles, showing his teeth. "Good."

Sleeping with Hannibal is both an enormous insight into the man and the source many more questions.

First, of course, is the fact that Hannibal does not push him away. He could have, that first night, after their kiss. Blame it on the wine, reclaim his self-control instead of inviting Will back, knowing what their next night would bring. He could have chosen to not blur the already vague ethical boundaries between them further.

In his memories, the knife gleams in the light of the counter. Will could have picked it up, turn the cold metal in his hands. He thinks of what would happen. Wonders why he is thinking about that.

The two of them do not stop at one night. Hannibal offers him an out the next time, providing stress and sleeplessness as a ready-made excuse. Will raises an eyebrow and swipes his

tongue slowly across his bottom lip. Hannibal does not bring it up again.

They eat Hannibal's food. They adjourn to the study to discuss music and literature. Hannibal asks him if he would like to stay the night.

When they reach Hannibal's bedroom, Will pushes him down on the soft satin, relishes the flash of surprise in maroon eyes, and proceeds to suck Hannibal's brain out through his dick. Hannibal lays him on the bed afterwards and eats him out until Will comes, messily, all over his satin bedsheets.

They next morning, Will seats himself upon Hannibal's cock with a sigh and rides him until he sees stars.

Frankly, Will reflects as he finally arrives home that Saturday, the sex is amazing. Continues to be amazing. Rough, a little sweet, a little desperate. But most of all it is *raw*, honest, bringing with it a sense of reality Will rarely feels.

Hannibal and he are a better match in the bedroom than Will expected. He had been afraid the esteemed socialite wouldn't take off his cashmere gloves, but he couldn't have been more wrong if he tried.

The veneer of civilization Will now realizes Hannibal constantly wears cracks little by little the more they fall into bed together. Though it never pulls as far back as it did that first night, neither does it manage to slip back into place completely. It is a drug; it is dangerous; it is addictive.

Will feels like he's slowly peeling away Hannibal's layers, one by one, until the core of him is exposed. Vulnerable. He feels like a predator, fitting right in with the killers in his head, catching a whiff of prey.

Or is he the prey, suicidally peeling away the wolf's clothing?

Neither are quite right. It feels more like they are two lions, baring their teeth at each other to prove their worthiness.

Will *still* notices things.

He never really stops. His job is about understanding people and discovering secrets. This one is not even that difficult to find.

It's hinted at in the bright glint of Hannibal's eyes when Will grows bold and cages him against the kitchen counter, teeth bared as he closes the distance behind them with a heated kiss.

Another piece falls into place when Will scrapes his nails along Hannibal's back as the older man fucks into him fast and deep and *good*, stretching him so wide he is sure to feel it tomorrow. His nails draw blood. Hannibal's eyes darken, flutter close, and he comes with a groan.

It’s spelled out when Hannibal sucks him down slowly, teasingly, licking along his shaft after a long day and three corpses when Will just wants him to *hurry up*. So he fists both his hands in Hannibal’s hair, pulls *hard*, and starts fucking his mouth without remorse. He isn’t sure who moans harder at this point.

After he fills Hannibal’s mouth, Will comes back to himself, a little mortified at what he’s done – only to find Hannibal looking at him with reverence, a wet spot slowly spreading in his pants.

The final epiphany arrives, ironically, while taking a bath.

Eureka.

Jack drags him to Atlanta for a case that might be the Ripper. A killer who likes to leave his victims with scissors jammed in their genitals and heart. The profile is not that difficult – orphaned child, cut off from their family, looking for revenge.

It's not the Ripper.

In the end, the trip only lasts two days. The point being – it’s an overnight thing. That night, laying in the simple hotel room, Beverly convinces Will to *treat himself* and pushes a bath bomb in his hands.

She threatens to check the next day if it has been used. Will gives in with grace.

The bath is nice and warm. Will trails his hands along his skin, half his mind on the profile of the Ripper, *intelligent surgeon artist,* the other half on the way Hannibal’s face looked the other day when Will had given in to his baser urges and bit Hannibal’s shoulder as the man pounded into him.

And the dots connect.

Will’s eyes fly open, hands gripping the side of the bath.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter is sexually submissive.

No.

The Chesapeake Ripper *is sexually submissive.*

Somehow, the first discovery shakes him far more than the second.

Will doesn’t think too long about what that says about him. The abyss and he are old friends.

(It makes him an attentive lover, he decides. Then sits quietly in the bath for ten full minutes, staring blankly at the wall, wondering about when the word *love* came into play.)

“Alana, it is good to see you. Please, do come in.”

Hannibal's voice resonates through the house, the click of Alana's heels following the invitation, her softer words bouncing off the walls.

When Alana steps into the kitchen, she pauses.

"Oh, hi, Will."

Will smiles at her, clad in casual wear without his glasses on, a half-empty glass of wine in front of him. Alana is dressed up; one of her good dresses, a touch of makeup, her sexy heels. Not just confusion but a flash of disappointment in her eyes as she regards the unexpected third wheel in the kitchen.

Will keeps smiling. "Don't worry, I'll be gone soon."

"Ah, yes," Hannibal continues for him, stepping into the heart of his house. Will smiles at the downward twitch of Hannibal's lips. If it was up to Hannibal, Will would never leave. "But first, would you like anything to drink, Alana? I have taken the liberty of selecting one of your preferred beers and cooling it." Without really waiting for an answer, Hannibal takes out a glass.

"Yes, please," Alana says, eyes crinkling, turning towards Will. Excluding swift *hellos* as they've passed each other in the BAU, this is the first time he and Alana talk to each other since the failed kiss.

"And how are you doing, Will?"

Will shrugs. "Pretty good, actually. But I'm here for a reason," he adds, catching Hannibal's eyes. They twinkle.

Alana raises an eyebrow. "Oh?"

Will leans backwards slightly. "I'd like to make a request. A favour, or however you want to phase it."

"Go on."

"I'd like for you to become my psychiatrist."

Whatever Alana had been expecting, it is not this. She turns to Hannibal with a questioning gaze. Hannibal tips his head. "I have never officially been Will's psychiatrist."

The narrowing of Alana's eyes shows what she thinks about that. "Do you think that's a wise decision, Will?" she asks with a flash of concern in her eyes. *Worry. Scepticism. Pity*.

She does not think I am currently able to make the right decisions about my own mental health.

Will supposes he can't fault her for that. Or maybe he can, a little. He's a mostly-functioning adult with extreme empathy who surrounds himself with killers, not a maniac sprouting gibberish.

“It is always your right to request a different psychiatrist if the one you are currently seeing does not fit your needs anymore for any reason whatsoever,” Alana recites kindly. She pauses, afterward, but neither men fill up the silence.

Hannibal casually checks on the roast in the oven.

“But,” Alana continues a little awkwardly, “do you really think I am the best choice for that, Will? After… what happened between us?” From where Will is standing, he can see Hannibal’s hand tighten around the handle.

Will chuckles wryly, amusement badly hidden. “That you kissed me, you mean?” he says frankly. Alana’s eyes widen, but she nods. “No. On your side, you told me decisively that it was not a good idea. On my side, well, I was mostly mirroring your desires in the first place. And let’s just say that won’t be a problem anymore.”

Alana frowns, cocking her head. Sharp eyes study him carefully. “What do you mean?”

Will hides his sly smile behind the rim of his glass. Looks at Hannibal.

Alana follows his gaze, still frowning. Hannibal is at ease, though Will reads the little tells that show his amusement. The relaxation of his shoulders, the placement of his hand around the stem of the glass.

The older man scrapes his throat. “Will and I have decided to change the nature of our relationship from friends to romantic partners,” he says smoothly.

Alana’s mouth falls open, then snaps shut with force. “Tell me I did *not* just hear that, Hannibal.”

Hannibal tilts his chin slightly upward.

“Hannibal. He is *your patient*.” Alana hisses.

“He has never been my patient. We have merely been having friendly conversations, though Will has come to me recently with concerns about his mental health. Which is why we decided to seek you out.”

“This is *unethical*, Hannibal, not to mention the power imbalance between the two of you. The abuse of trust! What are you thinking!” Alana’s voice is louder now, pitched higher.

“I take it that’s a no?” Will quips.

Alana turns to him, tense, placing her glass of beer on the counter with force. “If Hannibal has done anything to overstep your boundaries or make you uncomfortable, Will, *anything*, I am here for you. We can do something about this.”

Will huffs in amusement. “You’re a good person, Alana.” She is. Her reaction is a proper one. But Hannibal and him are not proper. “But you speak of me as if I have no autonomy in this matter, in our relationship,” and at this Alana swallows thickly and Hannibal smiles

predatorily behind her back, “when I would argue that *I* was the one who seduced Hannibal in the first place.”

Alana’s eyes widen, flitting over his face, looking for tells. Turns back to Hannibal.

Hannibal chuckles warmly, inclining his head towards Will. “Although I do not see myself as a passive partner in any way, I might just have to admit to the truth in that statement.”

Will smiles back, gaze smouldering. For a moment, it is just the two of them.

“I don’t care,” Alana breaks harshly though the silence. “That doesn’t change anything. This is *wrong* and I won’t be any part of this. I don’t even know what to *think*. I thought better of you, Hannibal,” and the look she sends her mentor is piercing.

Hannibal meets her gaze, unabashed. Will can tell he is a little impressed by Alana’s fierceness.

She swallows and takes a breath. “I’ll take my leave. I’ll be sure to see you both later. I am giving you three days to break this news to Jack, or I will.”

Alana catches Will’s eyes, concern shining in them still. He simply nods in response. She’s being more lenient than they had estimated.

Turning on her heel, Alana exits the kitchen, grabbing her coat. She slams the door behind her.

“Rude,” Hannibal says neutrally. Will steps closer to elbow him in the side and holds a finger up in the air.

There are no sounds of retreating heels.

Hannibal and Will meet each other’s eyes with a mutual understanding. They step a little closer to the door.

“We knew that would be hard for her to hear,” Will says carefully, speaking clearly.

Hannibal hums. “As I estimated. I will contact Bedelia for you, if you are agreeable.” A pause. “Alana has always been a headstrong woman with strong principles. I respect that about her.”

Will steps even closer, bringing a hand to Hannibal’s cheek, but does not lower his voice as he usually would. This is… an opportunity.

“I know how nervous you were about this, darling,” he says. Hannibal raises a sceptical eyebrow at the first part of the sentence, though his pupils dilate at the endearment. Surprise, or something else?

“But I’m very proud of you,” Will continues, eyes flickering to the door for just a moment as he feels Hannibal’s jaw work underneath his hand. “I think you deserve a reward for that tonight, don’t you, sweetheart?”

He may be pushing it. Hannibal is watching him intently, face completely blank. The kind of blank that says the man does not expect to feel the emotions currently running through him, and is therefore unable to choose the right expression to display.

Will waits patiently.

“Please,” Hannibal responds, louder than he would if he was fully candid, voice too unsteady to make it a lie.

The silence that follows is broken by the faint sound of heels clicking, disappearing from behind the door.

Hannibal smiles, meeting Will’s lips in a short kiss. “Let her make something of that,” he murmurs, and Will huffs against his skin.

“She really does think of me like a broken doll,” the profiler responds with only a little disappointment in his voice. Hannibal does not answer verbally, instead trailing a hand across Will’s cheek. It’s intimate.

Will makes a decision.

Taking Hannibal’s hand and stepping backwards, Will leads them both out of the kitchen and towards the study. The desk and chairs are a familiar space, hours of discussion after dinners or case visits, evenings reading together in comfortable silence.

Hannibal is silent behind him.

When Will gestures for Hannibal to sit in the plush chair, Hannibal sits. Will bites back a satisfied smirk.

“I wasn’t kidding when I said you deserved a reward,” the profiler begins playfully, sliding between Hannibal’s half-open legs.

Hannibal’s hands come up to his hips, holding him close so that he is unable to stray too far. “Oh?”

Will gives a slow and languid kiss in return, which Hannibal returns with enthusiasm.

Will pulls back, hands on the other man’s shoulders, enjoying the dilated pupils and gleaming lips of his partner. He rakes an hand through Hannibal’s carefully styled hair for good measure, to which Hannibal smiles indulgently.

“We have never really talked about who tops,” Will says, deliberately casual. He sees the way Hannibal’s shoulders stiffen, then relax.

“Are you not satisfied with our current arrangement?” Hannibal asks neutrally.

Will gives him a filthy smirk, trailing his arms along Hannibal’s body as he sinks to his knees on the plush carpet. “I am *very* satisfied,” nosing Hannibal’s underbelly and playing with Hannibal’s belt, “though I might be interested in switching things up.”

He unbuckles the belt, looks up at Hannibal through his lashes. “The question is, sweetheart,” the endearment hang heavy in the air, “are *you* satisfied?”

Hannibal watches him, unmoving. Will cocks his head sweetly, deceptively innocent, feeling comfortable on his knees. Though the position is associated with submissiveness, when you are holding another man’s cock in your hands, in your mouth, making him wither with pleasure – well. There is no question who is really holding the reigns.

Hannibal has still not answered. His cock is half-hard. Will slides his pants lower, trailing his hands along Hannibal’s inner thigh. The fabric is soft, the pattern mesmerizing. Will takes in every inch of revealed skin as the pants go lower, lower, until they reach the ground.

“I may have thought,” Hannibal begins, before swallowing thickly and stopping mid-sentence. “No one has ever,” he tries, but once again falls silent.

Will feels a sliver of concern intermingled with intrigue. When he looks up, Hannibal’s eyes are troubled.

Oh darling, Will cannot help but think, *you must have been so hard on yourself. No one worthy enough to slip past your walls, treat you how you deserve to be treated. No one to give you what you need.*

Will fills the silence with a kiss to Hannibal’s slowly stirring cock, not pulling it of its confinement yet. Instead, Will’s hands trace the outline as his mind whirls, eyes cataloguing every twitch of his lover’s fingers.

If Hannibal can’t verbalize his thoughts it’s time Will puts his empathy to good use.

“You’ve never done that before, have you?”

Hannibal swallows. Something behind his eyes threatens to shutter close. “I have experience with penetration on either side of the act,” he states like he is being tested.

“But not with another human being,” Will responds confidently.

Hannibal is blank-faced once more. “Sometimes I forget how keen your mind is.”

Will hums, nuzzles Hannibal’s groin. “I can picture it,” he says hotly, making sure his arousal at the thought is clear. “Laying on your bed after a particularly hard week, no, month, finally having some time to yourself. Bare on your bed, all your lovely muscles and skin on display, your cock curved hard against your stomach.” At his words, he strokes Hannibal through the cloth.

Underneath his hands, Hannibal’s cock starts to thicken.

“You play with yourself, one finger, two, three, even a toy when that is not enough. You’re beautiful like that, though you do not know it, for your eyes are always closed. What do you think of, I wonder?”

Slowly, Will hooks his hands behind Hannibal's boxers, pulling them down. Hannibal lifts his hips to accommodate him. His cock is fully erect.

Will wraps a hand around Hannibal's length and meets maroon eyes. "I would like you to talk to me," he says, "talk me through what you do and what you feel when you do that. When you penetrate yourself."

Will licks a long stripe up Hannibal's cock, eyes never leaving the other man's. "And the better the story, the more you turn me on…" another lick. "The more I turn *you* on."

He kisses the head of Hannibal's cock for good measure.

"*Will*." Hannibal's voice is strangled. On the edge of giving in, of playing along, admitting to the truth Hannibal must have kept hidden for so long. In which abandoned corner of his mind palace must this secret hide?

Baring your darkest secret to another person must be tantalizing. Terrifying. Erotic.

Will bends forward and takes Hannibal's cock in his mouth.

Hannibal moans in pleasure as Will starts to bob his head, setting an easy rhythm. Unlike usually, Will does not move his hand at the base of Hannibal's cock, nor does he tease the head with his tongue.

He moves his head upwards, downwards, slowly, steadily. Once, twice. Then, he waits.

It takes a full minute before Hannibal speaks.

"I do not give in to the urge often. But when I do, I lock myself in. I take my time."

The words spill out like a waterfall, the dam of denial finally breaking. Once Hannibal starts, he keeps talking, cannot stop. There is an undercurrent of self-contempt laced through his words. As if he is confessing a sin, or baring his underbelly to the beast.

Will starts moving his hand in sync with his mouth.

"I take out my best sheets because I like the feeling of them against my skin," Hannibal continues, voice even. "I take a shower first, cleaning myself and relaxing my muscles. Cut my nails. I've had a stressful month."

Will smiles around Hannibal's cock, letting his tongue drag around the thick vein at the underside.

"I start with two fingers," Hannibal says, and this time his breath hitches, "never with one. I am generous with lube; it has been quite some time since I last did this, and I treat my body with care."

When Will looks up, Hannibal's eyes are closed.

“I scissor myself open slowly, not yet coming near my prostate. I prefer to save that for later, when the discomfort has faded and I can enjoy it fully.”

Will sucks around the head of Hannibal’s cock, once, twice. Hannibal moans softly at the sensation, and Will hums around his erection in his mouth.

“Sometimes, I add a third finger, but sometimes, I do not. It depends on what I want, as does my choice,” a hitch in his breath as Will sinks a little deeper on his cock, not quite deep-throating yet, “my choice of toy.”

Will sinks fully down on Hannibal’s cock in reward, taking him as deep as he can go. Holding his position for a few seconds, feeling the doctor’s length twitch in his mouth, tickling his throat.

Hannibal groans loudly.

“Tonight, I do not use a third finger,” he pants as Will sets a faster rhythm. He can feel the muscles of Hannibal’s stomach clench under his fingers. “I take the blue one. Tonight, I want to feel it.”

Hannibal grasps for breath and Will pulls back a little so he can lavish the head of Hannibal’s cock with attention, his tongue swirling around it dexterously.

“I blindly cover the toy with lube, not wanting to open my eyes for too long.” Hannibal’s voice is raw and brutal. “In my head, I am thinking of other things, and I do not, *ah*, do not want to disturb that fantasy.”

How Hannibal can still be so verbose, Will doesn’t know. He’s suddenly determined to break the composure – not today, no, but soon.

“The press of the toy against my entrance feels cold, but good. My body tenses up in anticipation. I like that it’s just a toy that I control, but I also hate it. I push,” a gasp as Will sucks harshly on his cock. He tastes pre-come on his tongue. “I push it inside of me in one go, even though it still hurts a little. It feels, it feels good, and I know enough of the human body, of my body, that it hits my prostate immediately.”

Hannibal pauses here, clenching his teeth, as Will speeds up even more. One hand is still on the base of Hannibal’s cock, squeezing lightly. The other is playing with his balls.

Almost unconsciously, Hannibal spreads his legs wider.

Will’s body is flooded with arousal at this point, erection straining in his pants, but he pays it no mind. His mind is sharp. The empath catalogues every single word, every expression on Hannibal’s face. Today, he has a mission.

“It stretches me open, and I set my own rhythm. Usually, I start slow, but not today. Today I go fast and deep without giving myself time to adjust, enjoying the shock,” another groan, “the shock to my system. I know it’s just a toy, but in my mind,” Hannibal breaks off, panting

loudly. “In my mind,” he moans as Will speeds up further, as Will removes his hand from Hannibal’s balls and places it lower, even lower, pushing past Hannibal’s perineum.

“In my mind it is not a toy, but,” Will presses his fingers to Hannibal’s rim, not penetrating, but stroking and teasing, touch feather-light.

It is enough.

“*Will,*” Hannibal moans loudly and floods Will’s mouth with come.

Will swallows greedily, sucking enthusiastically around Hannibal’s cock as Hannibal goes boneless in his chair. Will draws out the aftershocks of the orgasm, one finger still rubbing at Hannibal’s rim and tongue playing with the head of Hannibal’s slowly softening cock.

Hannibal shudders once more, then whines ever-so-softly. Will pulls back abruptly.

The arousal he had been holding back to keep a clear mind comes back full-force, his cock begging for release. Will unbuckles himself quickly, efficiently, and Hannibal watches him through half-lidded lashes, lax and pliant.

Trusting.

Will groans loudly, stroking harshly and quickly, pleasure building within seconds. He has enough control of himself to grunt, “Hannibal, can I, may I-”

“Yes,” Hannibal breathes before Will can even finish his request, and he sounds so earnest and reverent it pierces Will to the core.

Will wonders what would happen if he would just turn Hannibal over and take him right here on this chair-

The thought is enough to tip him over the edge, spurting come all over Hannibal’s still clothed upper body. His suit jacked and tie are ruined, and Will takes in the sight like a drowning man stumbling upon land, before collapsing to his knees once more, this time in exhaustion.

Mine.

He leans his head against Hannibal’s upper thigh, legs still spread widely, and sighs happily, nuzzling his lover’s inguinal region and breathing in the smell of arousal greedily.

Then he climbs on Hannibal’s lap, uncaring of the mess.

“Sorry about your clothes,” Will sighs as he seeks Hannibal’s mouth for a kiss. It is slow and sweet. Hannibal’s arms close around him. It might be just Will’s imagination, but he holds on a little more tightly than usual.

“For you, dear Will,” Hannibal says, and if Will did not know better he would call it besotted, “anything.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated: 05/04/2021
Touched up: 13/07/2021

mine

Chapter Summary

Tobias Budge happens. The Chesapeake Ripper kills again.
Will makes his move.

Chapter Notes

Beware, if you ever do anything like this in real life, use safewords and don't push your partner like this and use a condom and watch out for bacteria and yadayadayada. But this is fiction so, hey.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two days after their confrontation with Alana, Will is looking through a list of string-shop owners in the area of Baltimore. Jack watches patiently as Will stares the potential killers in the eyes one by one.

“It’s either this one,” putting a finger on Lawrence Leeway, a new face in the area with a capacity for violence, “or this one.” Tobias Budge, whose eyes are cold and calculating.

Jack nods thoughtfully. “I’ll check out Leeway, you check out Budge. First impressions only, understand?”

An hour later, Will steps outside Budge’s shop – who is definitely their killer – looking around for the wounded dog with a worried look.

He breathes slowly in relief when he sees the noise was real.

There is indeed a wounded dog, with several people around it, including what seems to be its owner. At the same time, there is a noise from inside the music shop Will knows far too well.

The sound of death.

Five minutes later, he stumbles out of the shop with a ringing in his ears and his gun several bullets emptier.

Ten minutes later, he gets a call from Jack.

Hannibal's office is a ten-minute drive. Will makes it in five and meets Jack at the door.

"Is Hannibal alright," he asks as soon as he sees the head of the BAU, eyes wide and hands trembling.

Jack frowns at him. "I don't know," he answers honestly. "I was just about to go in."

There is already police at the scene. Jack walks briskly, but calmly. Will cannot bring himself to the same mindset.

He half-runs past Jack and into Hannibal's house, nothing but a mantra of *no please not him please* in his head. Never mind that he knows Hannibal can hold his own. That he has killed dozens of people before.

Tobias is a psychopath, an experienced killer. All it takes is one mistake, then Will would have to live without him, would *lose* him, and–

Will rushes into the office. All the breath leaves his body in one fell swoop.

Hannibal is alive.

He is also coming apart at the seams. His whole body is pulled taut, knuckles white where they are gripping the counter, veins building. The man torn open to reveal the monster underneath.

Hannibal is leaning against his own desk, his office filled with the corpses of that sweaty patient of his – *I kill him quickly, a broken neck, a simpleton like him not worth anything else* – and behind that, the bloodied corpse of Tobias Budge.

I come at him with pure unfiltered rage. I know I should not, but I cannot help myself, and he cannot help but flinch back in instinctual fear as he discovers that for once, he is the prey. I snarl at him, I use my hands, he deserves to die as slowly as possible because he touched what is MINE-

Time slows as Hannibal looks up. The line of his shoulders is tense, coiled tightly like a predator ready to pounce. The corner of his lips twitch, a supressed urge to show his teeth. The line of his jaw is clenched aggressively, every last thread of control poured towards either not breaking down in tears or not lashing out in violence. Knowing the person underneath Hannibal's façade, it could only be the latter.

But it is his eyes, the maroon almost crimson in the sunlight, that truly reveal how close Hannibal is to losing control.

They lock gazes.

"Will," Hannibal breathes reverently.

The two men surge forward simultaneously, coming together in a desperate embrace in the centre of the room. Will grasps the lapels of Hannibal's suit in a tight grip, pressing himself against the older man as he feels Hannibal wrap his hands around him.

For a moment, they breathe the other in. Will waits an extra beat, allowing Hannibal to pull himself back together.

Around them, the room has fallen silent.

Hannibal is the first one to speak. His voice is only a little raw. “I thought you were dead. Tobias told me he killed two men.”

Will pulls back just enough to place his forehead against Hannibal’s, locking their eyes. To his great surprise, Hannibal’s eyes are shining wetly.

“When I heard Tobias went to your office–”

Hannibal continues as if Will had not spoken. “Only today I realized how bleak this world would be without you.”

The truthfulness of Hannibal’s words pierces Will deeply, a sword slicing through his heart more effectively than any kind of metal ever would.

He presses his lips to Hannibal’s mouth.

The other man makes a noise in his throat that is held back with unrelenting force, unable to escape. Will feels strangely bereft at the loss of it.

He kisses Will back ferociously.

“*Gentlemen*.”

Jack’s stern and disapproving voice cuts through their bubble. Neither Will nor Hannibal react at first, and Will is this close to saying to hell with decency and fucking Hannibal right here on the floor, adrenaline still coursing through his body. Fortunately for them, Hannibal is more apt at putting his person suit back on. With a sigh, Hannibal leans back, eyes still on Will.

Will flushes. Bites his lip. Regathers his common sense. Reminds himself there are other people in the room.

Stepping back out of the safety of Hannibal’s arms, Will doesn’t turn around to face Jack. He keeps his eyes on his partner’s chin, feeling strangely awkward. The way Hannibal’s jaw sets tells Will enough.

He’ll have to interfere if he does not want there to be another bloodbath. Metaphorically, this time. Or so he hopes.

“Apologies, Jack,” Will says far too casually as he finally turns around to stare at Jack’s shoulder. He catches Jack’s attention with a twitch of his head towards the two police officers still in the room, who are looking at the three men like they are watching a soap opera.

“Everyone out,” Jack commands curtly. The police officers obey swiftly. Jack’s temper is well-known. Well-feared.

“What is the meaning of this?” Jack says at last, the lasts whisps of relief in his voice quickly replaced by indignation.

“This is a recent development,” Hannibal cuts in smoothly, voice is made of steel. “Will and I have decided to turn our *friendly conversations*,” and Will feels Hannibal step forward until he is standing directly behind Will’s shoulder, “into a relationship.”

“On a unrelated note,” Will interrupts pointedly, “I have recently decided to seek out a psychiatrist once more. Officially. Alana declined, so I am looking into other options.”

Jack’s lips tighten. He takes a deep breath, visibly trying not to shout. “This is not what we agreed upon, Dr. Lecter,” he says sharply, looking Hannibal straight in the eyes.

Hannibal’s eyes narrow momentarily. His back is ram-rod straight. “We did not *agree* upon anything, Jack. I cleared Will for field-work when you asked that of me, months ago. Since then, Will and I have never had a patient-psychiatrist relationship. Merely friendly conversations. Sometimes, friends turn into something more,” a sliver of possessiveness threads itself through his words, “which I think we can all agree is a wonderful thing.”

Jack clenches his jaw. “That does not give you any right-”

“Please,” Will scoffs derisively, cutting in. “You can’t ask Hannibal to do things under the table so he can give you updates on my mental health, which is a completely unethical thing for an employer to ask, and then get back on your white horse as soon as it becomes convenient for you.”

This time, Will meets Jack’s gaze squarely. Hannibal’s presence behind him emboldens him. Gives him strength. He has something to fight for, now.

Jack breathes deeply through his nose. His lips twitch. “I only want what is the best for you, Will.”

…as long as it makes me close cases, Will adds mentally.

It has always been like this. Will is quick, and efficient, and catches killers *fast*. Jack could also do it the old-fashioned way; his solving rate before Will had been plenty high. But once you have the best of the best, you don’t want to lose it. No matter how battered the tool becomes.

Jack is not cold, or inhuman. His heart goes out to the victims, the families left behind, the innocents.

Not to Will.

“This is good for me,” he insists, keeping the sudden swell of anger out of his voice. It won’t do any good. “It is my choice, and Hannibal makes me happy. So either accept it, or don’t, I don’t care. As long as you deal with it, because we’re not going to call it quits.”

Hannibal presses himself ever-so closer to Will’s body, and Will finds himself leaning back. It’s true, he realizes as he utters the words. Hannibal *does* make him happy.

Huh.

Jack studies the both of them intently. “If you say so, Will,” he says, but doesn’t sound completely convinced. “You’re a grown-ass man, you can make your own decisions.”

That’s a first, Will thinks sceptically.

“As long as it does not interfere with your work, for either of you,” and this time Jack’s eyes flicker towards Hannibal as well, who it watching him guardedly, “I do not see any reason to object.”

Of course. And thank you kindly for your permission.

Then Jack turns around, deeming the subject closed, and throws his hands in the air.

“Now, tell me; what the hell happened here?”

After Will realizes the truth about Hannibal’s inclinations and Hannibal’s *inclinations,* there’s actually very little about his life that changes.

He doesn’t tell Jack. Nor Hannibal.

Though he imagines telling Jack the *inclinations* part with uttermost seriousness and cannot help but laugh. If nothing else, it would make Hannibal less of a suspect.

But he does not. Will does not breathe a single word about what he now knows.

(Except for his dogs, whispering late at night as he comes home from Atlanta, shaking. He is ashamed, and afraid, not about what Hannibal has done, but of his own lack of disgust and anger.)

But for the first time in a long while, it is Will who holds the cards. The control. It’s a pleasant feeling. He might get used to it.

Jack calls him late at night, a full week after Tobias Budge. Another victim, and it’s the Ripper. This time, Jack is sure.

The corpse Jack takes him to is indeed the Ripper, fresh from the chopping block yesterday night, when Will had been home. Of course it’s easier for Hannibal to slip away at night when there is no one laying next to him.

Will has spend quite some time getting into the Chesapeake Ripper’s head. He spends even more time getting into Hannibal’s. Now that he knows they are both the same, the crime scene is simply… *beautiful*.

(For a beat, Will waits for another emotion to rise up, now that he knows. Disgust, maybe, or revulsion. Anger. Betrayal. The hands that caused this have known him most intimately.

It doesn’t come.)

“Maurice Hondsman,” Jack says. “Thirty-six, two kids, respected and loved by his family and community both. Accountant by day, volunteer at a local museum in the weekends.”

Handsome, Will notes as he looks closer. *Liked playing with his daughters in the park. Impatient, busy, a talker. Open-minded, progressive, kind of a geek.*

The body is strung up between the trees, countless red strings holding it upright, a life-like puppet on strings. Helpless to move against that which has caught him completely. The dead man is outwardly intact, except for all the little holes where the strings have hooked into his skin, little pools of darkened crimson littered across his body.

“A good man,” Will says out loud. *A worthy victim*.

The corpse down on his knees and his face is turned towards the heavens. Will walks forward until he is standing right in front of the corpse. From this angle, he meets the dead man’s eyes exactly.

There is a smile on the dead man’s face.

“Any organs missing?” Will asks before he lets the pendulum swing.

“The heart,” Jack answers curtly, and Will falls.

When Hannibal, pulling the roast out of the oven, asks about the crime scene, Will ignores the way Hannibal’s hands are positioned near the knife rack.

“It was intense.” It was. “It still feels like I’m there.” It doesn’t.

Hannibal hums in what could have been sympathy.

“What’s for dinner?”

“Heart,” Hannibal says, eyes smouldering, “of a particularly worthy pig. Served with taro root, roasted sunchoke and basil.”

Oh, Will thinks, *not trophies after all.* Another piece falls into place.

Will has to turn around lest Hannibal sees the sudden fond and giddy smile emerge on his face, out-of-place for such a mundane declaration.

He debates making his move now, but refrains. Will knows dinner is an important ritual for Hannibal. This is even more true, now.

Dinner is delicious. Will makes sure to savour every bite of the heart, watching Hannibal watching him.

It is the most intimate dinner he has ever eaten.

When he helps put their main course away, Will is surprised to see there is no dessert ready. The kitchen counters are empty.

“Deviating from the norm?” he asks his boyfriend. Just thinking the word brings a smile to his face. Hannibal, *boyfriend*.

His.

“I was thinking about suggesting a more unconventional form of dessert,” Hannibal answers with a smile, tilting his head just so.

He really is beautiful.

“You are so beautiful,” Will cannot help but say, stepping closer and bringing his hand up towards Hannibal’s hair, stroking softly.

It’s not sexual. It is just a need to touch, to reach out, to bring their physical forms as close together as possible until they might merge into one. Hannibal stills. Watches as Will, for the first time, initiates this casual intimacy.

Will does not fail to catch the way Hannibal’s pupils dilate. The older man blinks twice in quick succession.

And Will sees.

“This is not uncomfortable for you,” he muses aloud, insight flowing in to him all at once, like a dam bursting within his mind. “Just unfamiliar. You are not used to letting people close, to allow someone to do this for you. To care for you.”

Hannibal opens his mouth to respond, then closes it. He clasps his hands behind his back and smirks, as if to say, *bring it on*.

“Your former affairs: they were never more than that. You took the lead. They let you; they liked that about you. It fit with how you present yourself; the eccentric surgeon who is the undefeated master in his field. The bachelor king at the opera, holding court as the ladies flutter their eyes to catch your attention. The well-respected psychiatrist, allowing a student a closer glimpse.” Hannibal’s cocky stance falters, limbs loosening as Will peels back layer after layer. His chin dips lower, and he breaks eye contact.

The images come to life in front of Will’s eyes.

“But it means nothing to you. It pleases you, yes, that your disguise works so well, that no one can see behind the mask to the monster behind it, and then again the man behind that.” Hannibal’s arms twitch. His shoulders tense, defensive. His head lowers further. “You go through the motions with them, caring for them, pleasing them. No doubt every one of your former partners would describe you as a gentle and generous lover, whom they would be happy to tumble with again.”

“Will,” Hannibal begins, then simply does not have an end to the sentence. He looks confused by his own lack of eloquence.

Will cocks his head, narrows his eyes. “But it’s not you. Never was. They could not see through the masks, and you would not have let them, because they were not worthy. Dull.” *Pigs,* he thinks with certainty.

Hannibal’s nostrils flare.

“It must have been lonely,” Will whispers, the final puzzle piece falling into place, “until me.”

“Until you,” Hannibal repeats breathlessly.

There is a moment of silence.

Will waits.

“I have not yet had the experience of someone who can read me as well as you do,” Hannibal says, finally. “Your empathy and quick mind are exhilarating.” He swallows thickly. “You do not realize what you do to me, Will. How you changed me. Bring out parts of me that I thought would never see the light of day. I do not know whether to come closer or turn away entirely.”

Will cocks an eyebrow. “Afraid?” he asks.

“Of what I’d do for you. To you. What I’d do to keep you,” Hannibal admits. His eyes trail off to the side, baring his neck unconsciously. His voice is steady, but his throat works, tendons standing out stark against his skin. A prayer.

“I’d like you to stay with me, Will.”

“Where else would I go?”

Hannibal closes his eyes briefly. “Will.”

“I mean it. Hannibal,” Will says like a command, and his lover meets his eyes squarely. Will steps forward, holding Hannibal’s gaze. Their bodies are touching. Maroon eyes flicker to his lips.

Slowly, Will brings one finger forward. Brushes along the edge of Hannibal’s chin.

“Would you do anything for me, if I asked?”

“Yes,” Hannibal answers without hesitation. Will feels, rather than sees, the way Hannibal’s whole body responds to his touch. The only other human being in a sea of pigs. An equal.

“Would you kill for me?”

“Yes,” Hannibal whispers, eyes darkening.

You will. You have. But Will is not done. He angles closer, lips almost brushing. “Would you die for me?”

A beat. “Yes.” It is barely audible.

Will presses his body closer, angles his hips forward. Hannibal’s hardness presses into his thigh through the fabric of his pants, his erection matching Will’s own. They shudder as their cocks brush through so many layers of cloth.

“Would you *kneel* for me?”

Hannibal freezes. Closes his eyes. An involuntary sound escapes his lips, and Will knows that in this moment, he has come closer to the truth of what Hannibal is than anyone has ever come before.

Will waits, patiently, cataloguing every minute twitch on Hannibal’s face, every aborted movement of his fingers.

“Yes,” Hannibal confesses hoarsely and does.

The sight of Hannibal dropping to his knees, eyes still halfway closed and cock tenting through his pants, sets something alight in Will he did not know existed within him.

Will unbuckles his pants quickly, messily, until his erection is freed, standing tall and proud in front of his lover’s face. Hannibal keeps his eyes closed, visibly controlling himself, even as he breathes in deeply.

“What do you want, Hannibal?” Will makes sure to pronounce each word clearly, slowly, timing it so it matches the playful movement of his hand on his cock.

“You.”

“Be more specific.”

Hannibal swallows. His brow furrows. “Please use my mouth.”

“Good boy,” Will says simply, and grabs Hannibal’s hair with both hands. Hannibal opens for him obediently.

Will silences his inner sceptic with force, pushing away all his doubts, and acts with all the certainty his empathy has gifted him with.

He pulls Hannibal toward him and slides into the hot wet heath of his mouth in one go, forcing himself all the way in until he hits the back of Hannibal’s throat and Hannibal’s nose is buried in his groin.

Hannibal gives him a full-body shudder and makes a surprised choking noise. His tongue strokes the underside of Will’s shaft. There is a moan trying to force itself out of Hannibal’s throat, but it is blocked by Will’s cock.

“Hold it,” he commands the kneeling man sharply, and forces himself to stop moving. Hannibal looks beautiful like this, raw, throat constricting for a few long seconds as he struggles to get his body’s instinctive reactions under control.

Will smiles at him, wolfish, predatory. Hannibal looks perfect on his knees like this, his mouth a velvet heat around Will's cock. The kitchen around them seems to be from another world.

"You look so good like this," Will murmurs, "on your knees, obedient and sweet."

Hannibal's eyes open. His pupils are blown wide. As Will's mouth falls open, he inches forward just a little bit more, pushes just a little deeper. Hannibal's eyes flutter closed again. His hands scramble desperately towards his own belt.

Will pulls back as harshly as he pushed in, pulling Hannibal's head back swiftly, making sure to cushion the blow against the tabletop counter with the back of his own hand. Hannibal stills, mouth still open, looking up at him in confusion.

"I didn't say you could touch yourself," Will says lightly but with an undercurrent of steel in his voice. He tightens his hands in Hannibal's hair, until the pull is just on the wrong side of painful.

Something shifts then, in Hannibal's eyes, like a balancing act finally toppling over. His mouth slackens once more, his eyes go half-lidded, and the last of the tension in his body relaxes.

"Apologies," the doctor chokes out, trying for even but missing it by more than half a mark. Hannibal's breath is quick, chest rising and falling, even as his hands flatten themselves against his upper legs.

"So polite," Will muses, and his mind is whirring. "Always in control, aren't you, sweetheart? It must be a daunting prospect to be give it up – terrifying, even."

Hannibal licks his lips. "Erotic," he adds, body taut with need. "Exhilarating."

Will smiles. Tilts his hips forward, just a little, trails the head of his cock around Hannibal's lips, his cheek, his chin.

"Have you ever done this before?"

"Never." The answer makes arousal flare hot and bright in Will's gut.

"You never trusted anyone," Will fills the silence, and the whisps of smoke around Hannibal lift completely, leaving the man bare before his eyes. "No. It's more than that. You never found anyone worthy of the honour. They were all beneath you – simpletons, too wrapped up in their own heads to appreciate the beauty that you saw in the world. No one was your equal."

Hannibal's eyes are glistening. Will's own throat is dry, words drifting upwards from where his and Hannibal's minds meet.

"And now you have me. Or," he murmurs, "now I have you."

"*Yes*," Hannibal breathes wantonly. His tongue flickers out to wet his lips.

Will breathes out through his nose and tilts his chin up, considering. “I’ll let you free yourself, but you cannot touch your cock until I say so.”

Hannibal scrambles to follow his instructions, elegant hands ungracefully undoing his belt, unzipping himself and pulling his pants and underwear down. Hannibal leaves both items halfway down his legs, kneeling back on them without prompting.

“Good boy,” Will repeats himself. “I’m very proud of you,” and pushes his cock back in.

This time, he sets a rhythm, and Hannibal’s moan tears itself free and resonates around his cock. Will’s breath hitches.

“You are *made* to suck cock,” Will breathes, taking in the sight of Hannibal’s hollowed cheeks and spit-covered chin. “You look breathtakingly delicious. You’ll look even better split open with my cock, cleaved in two. I know you’ll take it beautifully.” Hannibal shudders in delight, trying to open his mouth even wider.

Will brings a hand to his lover’s lips, trailing the soft pink skin teasingly. It’s smooth like this, stretched wide and slippery with salvia. “I’ll open you up for me, darling, nice and good, and fuck you like you’ve been waiting for all these years. Until you can’t remember what it’s like to have your legs closed.”

Hannibal moans. Looks up at him through his lashes, the picture of sin. Will wants to never let him go. His needs and wants are clearer than ever. Will feels more tethered to reality than he’s ever been.

Like this, the hundreds of killers in his head are quiet. There is nothing on his mind but pleasing his lover, and it makes him feel more sane than he has in ages. The biggest predator of all is submitting to him. There is nothing left to fear.

“You never have sex outside of the bedroom, do you?” Will says conversationally as he sees one of Hannibal’s hands twitch where they lay on his knees. “I’m sure you take all your lovers upstairs, to the soft silken sheets – never in the dining room or the study. That would be gauche. And most of all,” Hannibal groans at one particularly hard thrust, “never in the kitchen.”

Hannibal shivers, lips stretched so prettily around Will’s cock. He’s thinking about their first time, Will bent over this very counter. He’s thinking about the blowjob Will gave him in the study. He’s thinking about how he fucked Will bent over the dining room two weeks ago, dessert barely finished before Hannibal could not contain himself anymore.

Hannibal’s eyes are burning.

“They think you finally let them into your inner sanctum, the most precious place in your house. But that’s not your bedroom. Not by far.”

Hannibal’s hands relax on his legs. To all appearances, he has become completely pliant, if not for the way his tongue is now doing its best to lavish Will’s cock with attention.

Will pushes himself completely in again, cutting off Hannibal's air supply. His reasons are twofold – first, he needs to catch a break before he finishes this too early, for Hannibal's tongue is the most sinuous part of all of him. Second, he enjoys the way Hannibal does not struggle beneath him at all, even as his throat relexify constricts for air.

If he wanted to, he could kill Hannibal right now. Literally choke him on his cock.

Will finds the thought far too erotic.

"I know better," he says, and pulls away just as Hannibal's gaze starts to unfocus, the faintest tint of blue creeping up his neck.

"Will," Hannibal raps, and it is as close as a plea as it ever comes.

Before he can say much more, Will pushes his cock inside Hannibal's waiting mouth again, much more gently than before. He moves his hips slowly, dragging the head of his cock across Hannibal's tongue, admiring the way Hannibal tilts his head to accommodate him.

"You do deserve a reward," Will muses, and nudges a foot between Hannibal's knees.

They open immediately, falling to the side as much as they can, and Will pushes his foot forward until the tip of Hannibal's cock is almost brushing against his pant leg.

"You may move your hips and bring yourself off," Will allows graciously.

Hannibal whines wantonly. His hips start to move greedily, muscles flexing in the dim light of the kitchen. The little bit of friction must be torture. Hannibal makes another noise caught between pain and pleasure. It vibrates through Will's body, making his toes curl.

"Good," he praises. "Very good. Now let me use you."

"Please," Hannibal begs quietly, a rush of air around his cock.

Will smiles victoriously. Discards most of his rational thoughts, pulls Hannibal's head closer, and starts fucking his mouth in earnest. No thought to Hannibal's comfort or pleasure. This is about him, taking. Hannibal, giving, freely.

The noises Hannibal make intertwine with Will's own moans and gasps until he is not sure what comes from who. It doesn't take long for either of them.

Hannibal snaps his hips forward, hands still on his legs. Just a few brushes of his cock against Will's leg combined with how deep Will is fucking his throat are enough to make him come, sucking on Will's length like he is made for it. The full-body shudder and the expression of bliss on Hannibal's face are enough for Will to follow his lover over the edge.

Hannibal does not let a drop go to waste.

Will staggers back afterwards, the small noise of loss that escapes Hannibal's throat sending a new shudder or arousal through him.

This was not the plan.

Will can't find a single part of him that regrets it as he looks at the mess that is called Hannibal Lecter. The doctor's eyes are closed, leaning back bonelessly against the kitchen counter, the kitchen tiles in front of him a mess.

Will debates cutting it off now – the sane thing to do would be to hold Hannibal close, reassure him, clean him and help him come down. Aftercare, basically, though Will knows Hannibal has not let go of his control entirely.

Neither him nor Hannibal could arguably be called sane.

This, Will knows, is a chance. Hannibal is off-kilter, surprised by both Will's actions and his own desire, his own reaction. If Hannibal comes down, starts thinking this through thoroughly when the hormones have faded, he'll come to enough conclusions that it will take the ball out of Will's court.

He'll know Will knows, and it will be a risk. The Chesapeake Ripper cannot allow himself to take risks.

If Will wants to do this, if he really wants to court the truth of Hannibal – from the sophisticated opera lover to the cannibalistic serial killer – he has to play dirty.

If he does not act now, there is a chance Hannibal will be lost to him.

(This was not the plan. Will is good at improvising.)

These thoughts race through his head, and it is barely a few seconds after he came into Hannibal's mouth that Will makes him decision.

"Stand up, sweetheart," Will says softly, bending down to help Hannibal pull his pants up, "and come upstairs."

It's a testament to how much Hannibal has been shaken by their encounter that he simply rises on his feet and follows Will to his bedroom.

When Will was a young boy, his father brought him out to the docks. He had cautioned his to watch out for the waves, strong and forceful that day as the wind blew harshly across their skin. Will's father had shown him around, shown him boats and smiling workman and fish with crimson spots between their scales, but Will's eyes had strayed to the sea.

Eventually, when Will's father was busy brokering a deal, Will slipped away. He approached the shore, the stony beach pressing harsh against the flimsy shoes he wore mid-spring. The sun burned against his skin, the harsh wind equally unforgiving.

In contrast, the water looked inviting. Welcoming. Slowly, Will walked forward, until he was waist-deep in the water, surrounded by the cold. Blissful. Peaceful.

Then the first wave hit.

The force of it nearly threw him over, but he kept himself standing. Another wave came, even stronger. But Will was prepared, welcomed the challenge, and stayed steady on his own two feet.

He had stood there for over ten minutes, bearing wave after wave that tried to break his centre, his sense of self. None succeeded.

For a young boy so often lost within the minds of others, there, in the arms of the unending and unforgiving sea trying to take him apart, Will had felt more sure of himself than he had felt in ages.

Right now, thirty years later, is the first time Will feels like he is standing strong against the tide. The waves hitting him are stronger than ever. Each step he makes with Hannibal, each secret he digs out of the deep dark pit that is his lover's soul, pushes against him like the unrelentless tide, threatening to barrel him over and carry him away.

But his feet are steady and his back is straight. Will feels more sure of himself than he has in years.

As Hannibal and Will walk up the stairs of Hannibal's home, it occurs to him that Hannibal must be feeling the exact opposite.

Even this short journey is enough for Hannibal to regain *some* of his composure. Will makes sure to murmur something about aftercare as he ascends the stairs. When they arrive at the master bedroom, Will guides Hannibal to lay down on the soft sheets.

For a moment, Hannibal looks at Will in indecision. For a moment, Will can see the doubt in Hannibal's eyes, the scars from ages past rearing their heads, the inner sceptic and ruthless utilitarianist warring with Hannibal's love for Will and his innermost desire of being *seen*.

"Lay down, darling," Will says softly, trailing a hand along Hannibal's cheek once more.

Hannibal obeys.

Will presses a kiss to soft lips, and Hannibal's eyes slide close, body still recovering from its experience. He looks precious like this, a predator at rest. Safe in his den.

Will turns around to hide his look of triumph and heads swiftly to the closet. Looks around calculatingly. Takes only what he needs. Dropping the items on the floor next to the bed, hidden from Hannibal's view, Will climbs on the bed and seats himself on top.

Hannibal's opens his eyes and looks at him with such affection, such *love*, that Will's breath stutters in his chest. He gives Hannibal a tender smile in return and starts stripping off his shirt.

Don't let your guard down, Will. The fight might be won, but the war is not over yet.

Will rids himself off his clothes swiftly, then turns to do the same to Hannibal. It's clear from Hannibal's body language that he expects Will to tuck them both in, to recover from this ordeal with a mid-afternoon nap.

Will has other plans.

“I will ask you to do one more thing for me, my dear,” Will murmurs as he trails kisses along Hannibal’s chest, nipping every now and then at soft skin, feeling Hannibal shudder in pleasure beneath him.

“Anything,” Hannibal breathes, and by God does he sound like he means it.

Will rises up, nymphlike, one leg teasing Hannibal’s cock which twitches in tired interest, one hand inching closer until it is splayed casually around the base of Hannibal’s throat.

Hannibal tenses, ever so slightly. Visibly forces himself to relax again.

His eyes are wary.

Will rewards him with a kiss, to which Hannibal responds greedily. They take a moment to savour it, Will tasting himself on Hannibal’s tongue.

He pulls back with only a little bit of regret. “Trust me,” he says, and watches Hannibal’s eyes tighten.

He’s recovering his control quicker than Will estimated. Then again, he should have known better than to underestimate Hannibal’s self-control. Will smiles seductively, the emotions swirling in his chest showing in his eyes.

Hannibal’s eyes flicker away in unspoken hesitation. He’s trying to hide the yearning threatening to burst forth.

“Your control is breath-taking. Your composure admirable. But I want all of you, Hannibal, not just what you show the world. I want your strength,” a kiss, “your cruelty,” a bite, “your vulnerability.”

“Let me tie you down, here, darling,” Will whispers in his ear as his leg rubs against Hannibal’s cock. “Let me inside of you, so that I can make you mine as you have made me yours,” pulling back so he can look into Hannibal’s eyes.

His face is set in stone. His eyes are unreadable.

“Let me take care of you,” Will continues tenderly. Takes a breath. Puts all of his love into the next four words.

“Let me *see* you,” and something in Hannibal’s eyes shatters.

Hannibal’s mask breaks, and his expression flickers through so many emotions Will cannot keep track of them all. Elation, despair, heartache, love, reverence, fear, trust – until it settles on a bone-deep longing.

“*Please,”* Hannibal whispers.

(And falls.)

Will rewards him with another kiss, pouring all of his feelings into it, Hannibal returning it with desperation. Will's cock makes a valiant try to hardness, the sensations and emotions too much for his body not to react.

"Thank you," he says against Hannibal's lips and pulls back with reluctance, not wanting to let go. The other man closes his eyes and does not open them even as Will rises shortly from the bed to get his earlier findings. Two sturdy leather belts and two silken scarves.

This will be his design.

Will ties the soft cloth around both of Hannibal's wrists, making sure it covers enough skin and is not too tight. He then covers the scarves with the belts, made from far sturdier material, and long enough to loop around the bed's headframe.

It's almost as if the bed is made for it.

Hannibal is completely pliant beneath him, shifting accommodatingly whenever Will urges him to. There are no words exchanged between them; none come close to describe the significance of this moment.

Eventually, Will is done.

It is only after Will sits back on the bed that Hannibal opens his eyes once more. He's come back down again, the rollercoaster descending; the earlier detachment has already vanished, the sharp glint of intelligence and awareness bleeding back into Hannibal's mind. This whole time, inside of Hannibal's mind the urge to be seen and the urge to protect himself are warring for dominance.

Hannibal tests his restraints one by one. He won't get out of this, not quickly; with enough effort a man of Hannibal's strength will eventually be able to free himself. But if Will decides to kill him now, he would be powerless to stop it.

Will sees the realization settle in Hannibal's eyes.

"Would you like me to tie your legs down as well, sweetheart?"

Hannibal nods. Then shakes his head. Looks at Will helplessly, unable to find words.

"Then I won't. I want you to enjoy this. Next time, I'll tie your legs down as well," Will says as he licks a slow stripe up from Hannibal's belly to his left nipple. The man shivers in response. If Hannibal had been given more time to recover, if he had just an inch more suspicion Will knew about his darker side already, the good doctor would have never allowed this to happen.

Will would feel guilty, if not for the fact that this man has manipulated him into far worse.

Still.

"Does it feel good?" he asks his lover softly, eyes on Hannibal's face. Hannibal nods, not trusting himself to speak. His eyes follow Will as the younger man leans forward.

Will bends over to the bedside cabinet, pulls open a drawer, then two. He sees a scalpel, and pulls it on the bedside table. The bottle of lube goes next, warm and familiar in his hands.

It's emptier than he remembers.

Will shivers in delight. "Have you been playing with yourself when I was away?" he asks, eyes dancing.

Hannibal tenses, bites his lip. Will shoots him a reassuring smile. "I'm happy to hear that, darling." A sharp intake of breath through clenched teeth. Will pretends to ignore it. "You deserve to treat yourself. And tonight, I'll give you what you *really* need."

Hannibal whines softly, though the line of his shoulders is still taut. Will moves forward, trailing his hands over Hannibal's abs. "If it's too much, tell me," he commands, picking up the scalpel and putting it in Hannibal's line of vision. "I can set you free with this… If you beg nicely, of course."

Will pauses. Smiles mischievously at the blink-and-you-miss-it flicker of Hannibal's tongue. Will moves slowly, carefully, until the dull edge of the blade is touching the soft underside of Hannibal's stomach.

"Or do you see other uses? You want me to mark you, baby?"

Hannibal's breath catches. He does not answer. He does not need to.

Will cocks his head. "Maybe later," he says and puts the scalpel back where it belongs. "First, you deserve a reward," he breathes and crawls downwards so he can envelop Hannibal's cock with his mouth.

The hot length is a familiar weight on his tongue, slowly hardening underneath the onslaught of sensations. He feels Hannibal twitch against his restraints, not to get out of them – just to feel them.

He does not tease Hannibal for long. He thickens in Will's mouth, the empath experienced enough that he knows just what Hannibal likes. This time Will lets his teeth trail along the soft underside of Hannibal's length, who shivers in delight.

Will pulls back with a grin. Grabs a pillow, and tilts Hannibal's hips up so he can place it under him. Will trails his hands around muscled tights, fantasising shorty about the idea of Hannibal strangling Will with them as Will sucks his cock.

Maybe later.

Pulling Hannibal's legs apart decisively, Will settles between them once more. This time, he goes lower.

Hannibal's soft *oh* of surprise is music to his ears as Will licks at his hole, trailing his tongue around the puckered entrance, clenching and unclenching in need. He laps at the rim, teasing the tip of his tongue inside, making Hannibal's thighs quiver. He kisses the skin around

Hannibal's entrance, slicking it with spit as his hands creep upwards and join his tongue to tease.

Pulling back, Will grabs for the lube that he put next to him on the bed, and scans Hannibal's face.

Hannibal's mouth is slack, open wide, and Will suppresses the urge to push his cock inside it. He can't help himself. Hannibal is practically *made* to suck cock. But there are other things he wants to do, now.

Will pours a generous amount of lube on his fingers and brings them to Hannibal's entrance, the other hand holding his partner's thigh in a strong grip.

"You want me inside of you, darling?" Will's voice is low and rough. "Want me to fill you up, claim you, give you what you need?"

"*Please*," Hannibal begs, eyes scrunched closed and cheeks reddened. His arms are straining against the belts. He has never looked more beautiful.

"You're so good, baby, so good for me," Will whispers mindlessly, leaning forward between Hannibal's thighs as a single finger pushes in abruptly.

Will remembers Hannibal's words in the study, Will on his knees and Hannibal grasping in his chair.

"You take my fingers so nicely, sweetheart," the words falling out of him like a force of nature, as Will pushes a second finger in. It goes in smoothly, and Hannibal groans, eyes still closed. "Did you use yourself yesterday, when I was not here? Did you think about me, filling you up, my body pressing into yours?"

Hannibal finally opens his eyes, though they threaten to flutter close once more as Will crooks his fingers to press into Hannibal's prostate. "I did," Hannibal pants, "I took my– I thought about–"

It is rare that Hannibal's thought processes collide verbally. Will feels a possessive sort of pride spread though his chest.

Mine.

Will keeps his eyes on Hannibal's face, cataloguing every expression as he scissors his fingers, pushing in and out slowly. He stretches Hannibal carefully, but does not take as much time as he could. He can still remember Hannibal's fantasy. *I want to feel it*.

"I think you're ready for me. Do you agree, baby?"

Hannibal moans weakly in response. His eyes are open wide, a detached look on his face. It is like his mind is floating far away, only barely tethered to his body. Will's gaze is steady.

"And if you don't," Will says teasingly as he leans backward to coat himself liberally with lube, wiping the excess fluid up with his fingers and stroking it on and around Hannibal's

clenching hole, searching Hannibal's face for any sign of hesitation even as he says, "I will fuck you anyway. Because you are not making the decisions right now, darling. I am."

Hannibal moans. Will moves forward, draping his weight over Hannibal's prone body, whose arms are twitching helplessly against the restraints. "And you know why?"

With one hand, he takes his cock and teases the head against Hannibal's entrance. His hole is clenching helplessly as if he wants to pull Will inside of him by force. Will shivers and bites his own lip harshly. The shock of pain is enough to keep himself level-headed.

The other arm, he braces next to Hannibal's head, bringing their faces close.

"Open your eyes and look at me," he commands. With a shiver, Hannibal obeys. His eyes are twin pools of black so deep Will could drown in them.

"You have so many titles, so many aspect of yourself," Will breathes against Hannibal's lips. The older man lets his lips fall open, eyes hazy, but behind the lust there is still the sharpness that indicates Hannibal is still here and aware.

"Doctor," Will says casually, "M.D.. Eligible bachelor," he smirks, "even Count."

Hannibal watches him breathlessly.

"And more," Will continues, and angles his hips ever so slightly forward so the head of his cock catches on Hannibal's rim, making his lover's breath hitch.

"Copycat. The Chesapeake Ripper."

Hannibal freezes.

"But the most important one," Will breathes, trembling with victory, "is *mine*."

The last word is a growl, and Will pushes himself inside in one slow and steady thrust.

Hannibal throws his head back and *keens*, the sound heady and desperate in the silence of the room. Will groans loudly as his head falls forward against Hannibal's bared neck, which Will immediately latches on to, sucking and biting as his hips stutter, forcing himself as deep into Hannibal's body as he's able to.

He does not hold still for more than a second, bringing both his arms upwards to place them on Hannibal's upper biceps, which are straining against the restraints.

Will starts fucking Hannibal in earnest.

"You," he snarls as Hannibal's head snaps forward once more and watches him dazedly, reverently. "Your crime scene today, it was beautiful," Hannibal sobs dryly

as Will snaps his hips forward at the same time. Thinking back on his deductions, after the pendulum had swung.

The Ripper's in love, and he feels helpless, tugged along by forces he cannot understand, cannot control.

"I love you too, Hannibal," Will says shakily and catches Hannibal's lips in a filthy kiss. "I'm glad you never did this with another man. If you had, I would be compelled to find them, and kill them."

Hannibal moans around him, broken little sounds as Will shifts his hips until he finds the spot that makes Hannibal whine in pleasure. Hannibal is so warm around him, so hot and tight, pressing around him at all angles until Will feels like he is drowning. His balls tighten.

It feels like heaven. Will never wants to stop.

When Will pulls back, he is surprised to see Hannibal's eyes filled with tears. He is so lovely, so vulnerable, that Will cannot help but slow down to a more easy rhythm, enjoying the slow drag of his cock in and out of Hannibal's body.

"You're doing so well," Will whispers, and strokes his thumb along Hannibal's cheeks, swiping away the sole tear that has fallen. Brings his wet thumb to his own mouth, savouring the taste.

"Will," Hannibal chokes in return, but he does not need to say anything more.

"It's okay, love," Will says tenderly. "I've got you. I see you. It's safe. You can let go."

And so Hannibal does.

Finally, *finally*, Hannibal's body goes completely lax. His arms fall downwards, held upwards only by the restraints. His legs go pliant, spread open obediently for Will's body and cock, and the line of his shoulders relaxes. The curve of Hannibal's cock, leaking pre-come, hot and red against his stomach.

The lines at the edge of Hannibal's eyes disappear. The tears fall. His expression turns into pure and sweet bliss. "Please," he gasps, "please, yes, please, deeper, harder, Will, take me-"

Will inches back slightly, pressing his thumb inside of Hannibal's mouth, looking at the obedient body underneath him. Ready for Will to use as he sees fit.

"*Mine*," Will growls, forces Hannibal's head to the side with his thumb, the other hand coming up until it's circling Hannibal's neck and presses down. Not to choke, but to restrain.

"*Yes*," Hannibal hisses and shivers with delight.

Will starts fucking Hannibal with all he has. He pistons into him, carried away by the sensations, the tightness and heat and all the uncontrollable noises Hannibal is making. It doesn't take long. Hannibal is so obedient, so good, and Will hears himself growl this and more as he pounds into Hannibal's ass. Possessiveness is rushing through him like a wild river, setting his nerves alight, and it feels as if he and Hannibal are one.

One moment, he feels Hannibal moan and wither desperately beneath him, until his whole body goes tense so delightfully and then unclenches. With a last cry of *Will* Hannibal comes, wailing. Wetness pools between their bellies, making Will moan in satisfaction.

Three thrusts later blood is rushing in his ears and his whole body is convulsing, spending his seed deep in Hannibal's ass. Will snarls loudly as he comes, pressing forward until his teeth are deep in Hannibal's shoulder, marking him deeply as Hannibal mewls weakly underneath him.

Will stays seated fully in Hannibal's ass where he belongs as he comes down from his own high. He exhilarates in the feeling of his own semen in Hannibal's body.

"We need to get some kind of plug," he pants against Hannibal's neck, "so I can keep my come inside of you for hours, until I'm all ready to fill you up again."

Hannibal makes a desperate kind of noise in response, and when Will pushes himself upwards, he is satisfied to see Hannibal looking completely fucked-out underneath him. He slides two fingers through Hannibal's mess, first licking one clean himself, then pressing another against Hannibal's mouth, who laps at it obediently.

"Such a good boy," Will mummers, and Hannibal mewls in pleasure.

After another minute just holding each other, Will slowly pulls out. The disappointed whine Hannibal makes is a balm to his soul. He makes sure to replace his cock with his fingers, catching a bit of come with one hand and bringing it upward to feed to Hannibal who accepts it greedily.

Debating whether or not to overstimulate Hannibal's prostate and draw this out, Will's eyes catch on a familiar glint on the nightstand.

An earlier thought resurfaces.

Gazing thoughtfully over the man laying prone and sweet beneath him, Will's thoughts race through his head. For all his planning and preparation, there is no saying how Hannibal will react once he's crawled out of subspace, in control of himself once more.

Will wants to make these moments count – forever.

Picking up the scalpel, Will places his legs on either side of Hannibal's hips, one hand placed firmly on Hannibal's neck, recalling the way the action made his lover shiver with pleasure earlier. The other trails the scalpel along the doctor's cheek.

Hannibal's eyes open slowly.

"You want me to mark you, baby," Will coos, deceptively innocent, "make sure no one ever forgets that you're mine? Least of all yourself?" He tilts his head downwards, looks up through his lashes. "I want that. I want to. Do you want to do this, for me?"

Hannibal is unable to resist.

Anything.

“Anything,” Hannibal says and Will smiles.

“You’re so good for me, sweetheart,” he breathes before capturing Hannibal’s mouth in a searing kiss.

Hannibal responds sluggishly, still not quite back in his own body, mind floating in a haze of bliss. So good, Will thinks, and all for him.

He moves the scalpel slowly, teasingly. Across Hannibal’s sharp cheekbones, the dull edge of the blade cold against Hannibal’s skin. Across his neck, where one slash could mean the end of Hannibal’s life, the most vulnerable place on the human body.

Hannibal doesn’t even tense up. Not in the slightest. The rush of pleasure that ignites in him is almost enough to make Will hard once again. Alas, he is only human, so his cock only twitches tiredly.

The scalpel moves lower, slower, until it finally reaches its destination.

Right over Hannibal’s heart.

Will moves carefully, but deliberately. Four straight lines, even-paced, one by one slashing through the skin of Hannibal’s chest just deep enough to draw blood.

“Deeper,” Hannibal’s voice is slurred. Unexpected, just as Will has started the first slash. Will looks up, pulled from his single-minded focus on Hannibal’s chest. “I want it to scar.”

Will breathes in shakily. His beautiful boy. “I love you,” he repeats, needing Hannibal to know. He understands what Hannibal is offering, he does. And he wants it. “I want all of you,” Will says, and presses the scalpel into Hannibal’s skin, deeper.

When he’s done, the ‘W’ on his hart looks beautiful, lined in liquid crimson.

“Now you’re mine forever,” Will breathes. The urge to bow his head down and lick the blood from Hannibal’s chest swells up in him and he gives in to it without thought. “My name on your chest, or, upside down, for your eyes only, the M that denotes you as mine.”

Hannibal does not breathe for three full seconds, as his eyes slowly move downward, trailing along the mess on his chest, ending on Will’s blood-stained lips.

And he smiles.

Will makes sure to clean them both up, place a clean bandage across the wound, and whisper sweetly into Hannibal’s ear as he frees his lover and tucks him into their bed.

I’ll take care of you, he whispers. *I’m here for you, Hannibal. My love*.

Hannibal does not respond, nor does he protest. He snuggles closely against Will's body, still dazed, and Will wraps his arms around him tightly. For the first time in a long while, Will is completely, one hundred percent happy.

Will noses along Hannibal's hairline. He scrapes his teeth along Hannibal's carotid artery and feels complete.

The sleeping man lets out a barely audible whimper and bares his neck obediently for Will's teeth.

When Will wakes up, it is to a scalpel to his throat. The very same he marked Hannibal with just hours before.

He opens his eyes slowly. Will is laying on his back, prone, Hannibal leaning over him like a feral beast. The hand holding the scalpel is trembling ever-so-slightly.

Will wonders how long Hannibal has been standing like this. His eyes are averted.

"If you do it, you have to promise me two things," Will says, unruffled. "One, consume every part of me."

Hannibal's eyes snap to his. "And two," he continues, holding Hannibal's gaze, "don't make it quick. Savour it. You can only do it once."

Hannibal swallows thickly. "Why aren't you angry?" he asks and sounds almost lost.

Will raises a hand, trails it along Hannibal's cheek. "Because it would have been worth it," he says, *you are worth it*, and Hannibal drops the scalpel.

His body collapses heavily upon Wills as broken sounds start to emerge from Hannibal's throat. Hannibal presses his head against Will's neck as if it would protect him from the world, and cries.

"Don't love me," he says in between sobs, and Will's heart breaks just a little bit. "Please, don't love me."

"Why?"

"It would destroy me."

"Then I will pick up the pieces," he says softly and pulls Hannibal close.

Chapter End Notes

Updated: 06/04/2021 and again 24/03/2022 bc i cannot let things lie ever

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! If I missed any tags, let me know!

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